



# Flashlight



suspence

flashlight

mystery

271 36 34

## Chapter 1 by Laura Frost

When I open my eyes, there is only darkness. Naturally, I panic. Flailing my arms around in an entirely useless manner, my forearm strikes against something.

It takes a bit, but I find the object again. Exploring it with my hands, I discover a button.

It's a flashlight.

I click it, and the world around me is illuminated, revealing the room in increments of my choosing. I am alone, with only a flashlight for company, and no idea how I came to be in this predicament.

## Chapter 2 by Harriet Jones, MP, Flydale North



The room looks familiar, like I'd seen it in a dream hundreds of times before.

It's sparsely decorated. I am on a bed, and there is a small nightstand beside it with a book and small lamp. A chair sits across the room in one corner, and the only door is in the other corner.

The walls are white and bare, save for one small, framed painting of orange flowers.

I blink a few times, looking around and thinking that, somehow, this room looks familiar yet feels strange. The memories of my childhood home are hazy, but I know I've been here before. If only they would flip over and give me guidance.

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When nothing came to me, I decided to get out of bed and investigate. Walking to the door and taking hold of the door knob, I found it to be unlocked. I opened the door and peered out, using the flashlight to see into the new darkness.

It was a long hallway. There were doors spaced about 10 feet apart all down the hall, stretching into oblivion. It was just as cold out there as it was in my room.

I shuffled back to the bed and whipped the blanket off the mattress and around my shoulders. I hadn't noticed until just then that I was wearing gray scrubs. The gray material of the blanket was the exact same shade.

Clutching the ends of my blanket around my neck with one hand and the flashlight in the other, I cautiously made my way out of my room. The hallway stretched in both directions, but the hall to my left ended a little sooner, and I saw a very faint light coming from the left of that end, like there was another corridor that way.

I slowly made my way toward the light, looking at all the closed doors as I went. Part of me wanted to open them and see where they lead, but the paranoid part of me didn't want to open it and find anyone else behind those doors. What if they weren't friendly?

The hallway eventually turned left, and so did I. That's when I discovered the source of the faint light.

### Chapter 3 by McWriter03



I stared at the wall in front of me as a beam of white light was aimed at my eyes and I squinted. It hurt my eyes and I looked away, probably a bad thing if whatever had the light wanted to hurt me.

I heard a gasp coming from the other end of the short hall, and the light lowered from my eyes to my torso and I took a look.

A boy about six feet tall stood a few paces in front of me. His eyes were wide in shock and glistened brown and green as I squinted. His mouth was full and hung open slightly. His hair was dark brown and his skin was the color of parchment.

There was someone else in the room with it.

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He slowly walked forwards as if to approach me, and I stepped back in fear. He took notice of my fear and stepped back. He smoothed down his same gray scrubs and ran his hands through his hair.

"I'm guessing you woke up in the dark as well?" He said, a halfhearted smile creeping onto his face. I nodded in response and the smile widened. His voice was like honey, and there was a hint of an accent but I couldn't figure out what it was.

"Great," he muttered, looking down at his flashlight and raising it again, "Well, I guess now's the time for introductions. I'm James. James Lightheart."

"Isabelle. Isabelle Fern." I say as he reaches his hand out to shake mine. I take it. It feels warm and hard, working hands, and his grip is firm. He looks up again and smiles at me, a habit I'm guessing, and I pull my hand back.

"Well, *Isabelle*, now that we have gotten introductions out of the way, it's time for the tougher part of the conversation. Where are we and what exactly is going on?" He asks sarcastically, probably expecting and *I don't know*.

The problem is, I truly don't know.

I'm stuck in a hallway, surrounded by doors and walls, with a strange boy, and all we have is one source of light.

Our flashlights.

#### Chapter 4 by Harriet Jones, MP, Flydale North



"Suppose we should look for someone with authority around here?" James asked with a hint of wry humor in his voice.

"Sure . . . that's probably best," I replied, trying to sound nonchalant even though the thought of walking through more of these halls did not make me jump for joy.

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James took my hand—which I tried to pull away—and led me down his hall. The hall looked exactly like mine, but there were a few thick windows looking into an office. We

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There was a door next to the windows. James tried it, and the door opened.

"Hm. The back-up generator must be out, too. This door is always locked. Believe me, I've tried it a few times." James winked at me.

"How long have you been here? And what is this place?" I asked. It hadn't occurred to me until just now that James might be able to answer some of the questions I have about this place.

"I've been here for about three years. And if you're asking me what this place is, you must have been one of the ones they put into a medical coma . . . which means you're even worse than I am."

"Am I . . . am I sick?"

"Sort of . . ." James trailed off as he swung the door completely open and stared at the floor. I followed his gaze and gasped.

## Chapter 5 by CB Baker



We peer down into the empty room, James hand is so warm compared to mine.

Something feels wrong and I pull away.

"Whats wrong?" he asks, lifting my face towards his.

James smiles coolly, looking into my eyes. I can't keep the gaze and avert my eyes down to the doorway. My heart flutters and I realise there's something familiar about him... something I can't remember.

My head is hazy and I sit down onto the hard floor. I hold firmly onto the touch, my one source of light. 'What is this place?' I think to myself.

And then James pulls me up, and as if he could hear my thoughts, he leads me away from the

stairs. But I shrug him off. Something's calling me down there.

I turn towards the stairs and begin my descent. James calls behind me.

It feels incredibly wrong, but I can't help it. The air is cold, but in the distance, I can make out something beautiful . . . light.

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Natural light.

"Must be a hole in the wall," I say to James, excited, "an escape!"

But I'm missing the obvious problem staring me in the face.

I sprint, my legs surprisingly weak. My heart out of shape.

As I near the escape, I smell freshly cut grass and I can see trees, basking in daylight, their leaves rustling in the wind.

I stop at the hole in the wall and notice the peeling plaster around it visible in the light. I look to my pale skin, not as I remember it to be.

My neck cranes back to see James beside me, looking solemn. And suddenly the memories come rushing in.

James and I, together, laughing, dancing, crying... kissing. It all feels so beautiful but then a darkness creeps into my mind. Death, fear, and pain, a pain in my heart. James and I scrambling in the dark, for years... three years.

I remember being taken from James, injected, probed. I remember the taste of his salty tears as we're ripped from another. And I remember waking to James standing in my room, holding his torch, introducing himself. Telling me I was in a coma. Hiding me from the truth.

"Don't step outside." He says.

And I know why I can't leave. I remember the pain after touching the light. I remember the agony.

"I'm dead, aren't I?"

Chapter 6 by talent

12/

James winked. Then he was gone. It was impossible, how could someone disappear so quickly? I was truly alone. I turned back to the hole.

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My hands were shaking, but I began to scratch the edges of the hole with my nails. It fell apart surprisingly easily.

"What am I doing?" I mutter to myself, stopping to gaze at the work I've done. The hole was much wider now, wide enough to fit my arm through it. I hesitated, but turned away, feeling rather foolish.

Feeling tired, I decided to go to sleep, perhaps it would calm my nerves. Then the whispers came.

I hear them consistently. No matter where I go I hear them. And I scream.

## Chapter 7 by Curiosity



I knew I was alone. All alone. No one was going to come hobbling out of the darkness and hug all the worries and anxiety out of me. I was shaking on the cold, wet ground not knowing what to do.

James was just a mirage, for some reason I couldn't take that in. He was too good to be true. If this was heaven I couldn't even imagine what hell was like. I sobbed and sobbed until I felt so drained I couldn't cry anymore.

I just lied there, like an emotionless hermit not having human contact for years.

Suddenly, a warm breeze swept over me. I opened my eyes and there was fields upon fields of open prairie. I saw a little girl probably around 8 years old run towards me. A white-haired dog with a black spot over its one blue eye following her.

Her two blond braids swung back and forth, there were little blue ribbons tied to the ends of the braids that matched her plaid dress that swayed in the breeze. She carried a basket filled to the brim with apples.

"Hello, and welcome to Haven." She said as she shifted her basket to her other arm so she could take my hand. The dog followed the basket, leaping up to grab one of the apples.

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"Don't you mean Heaven?" I asked, feeling funny.

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The little girl looked at me.

"This is Haven," she repeated, "upon definition: the safe place." She started walking with me.

"My name is Primrose, Prim for short, and this is Spot," Prim said joyfully indicating at her dog, "what's your name?"

It took me a minute to take my attention off the multiple rainbows forming and the graceful waterfalls in the distance.

"Isabelle, Isabelle Fern," I replied dreamily. I suddenly remembered all the questions I had about my death and earth.

As soon as those questions popped into my head storm clouds formed above me and Prim and it started pouring rain. Prim shook her head disapprovingly. Spot growled at the rain and tried to eat it.

"Let go of all those thoughts and questions, you are in Haven now," she explained loudly over the storm, "but if it is really killing you that much I am willing to answer *one question*."

"Just one?" I asked. Prim nodded solemnly. The storm died down a bit and only a light drizzle was left as all questions but one was left in my head.

"How did I die?" I asked nervously. Prim closed her eyes probably collecting information on my death. She opened her eyes and said: "You were murdered by a man, by the name of *James*."

## Chapter 8 by Wonder Story - In College



One last memory exploded in my brain. The sound of James's voice echoing through the halls on the last night that I lived.

"He went mad," I said. I jumped as lightning struck the ground a few feet from me.

"No more bad thoughts and no more questions," Prim said, wagging her finger. Spot barked in agreement. I nodded and stood there awkwardly, trying to shoo away my past. Eventually, the

last storm cloud was gone.

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"Wonderful! Now come along, there is much to do and much to see!" She exclaimed happily. I followed her and Spot up the stairs. We were now standing on beach sand.

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"Woah, what just happened?" I asked. I could feel the ocean breeze and taste the salt in the air.

"Haven has many wonderful places to visit. And the people are just so nice," Prim responded without actually answering my question. But she did inspire another one.

"Where are the other people anyway?"

Prim smiled. "Right here!" She waved her arm over the water and the landscape changed to a downtown area filled with people milling about. A man walked past me but stopped to say "Hello there, good to see you" before moving on.

"Or if downtown isn't your style..." She led me into a shop, which immediately changed to a park with a giant playground. Kids and teens were playing and chatting. I gasped when I realized that all these kids had died so young. Everyone looked up then around when the sky became cloudy.

A girl that looked about my age beckoned me over. She must have known that I was the cause of the imperfect weather. "It's fine. Everyone has a few worries now and then."

I smiled, finally giving in to this afterlife. Even without James, I knew that I would be happy and safe here. Forever.

the end

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